aloft all night, and when norming came the Sylph was dead ahead and only two niles away. It had been planned that we

would speak to her and give out that our chronometer was out of order. If she lay

to the captain would board her with three

or four men and seek to detain her until

the count could follow. We signated the schooner as soon as we could make her out, but she gave us no attention. As we ap-

proached her she took the alarm and made

nore sail, and then began the real ad-

centure. With a man like the count to

mck him our captain did not hesitate to

open fire on the other craft, and she was

truck twice before she got out of range.

The count was on deek and fair to be

seen, and on our side we plainly saw Kane and the countess aboard of the schooner.

If the latter had been armed there would have been a pretty fight, but she didn't

even have meskets for the men. Her game was flight instead of fight, and by and by

slie goined a position about two miles ahead of us and kept it. No two crafts could

and both carried about the same amount of

night closed down each craft held its own.

neither losing nor gaining by a hundred

feet. We rnew that she would seek to escape us during the night, and but few men

slept. Three different times the schoner

game each time and hung to her Itail,

When morning come we had gained half a mile, but before 7 o'clock she had picked

op her lost distance and run up the English

That was the beginning of a race which

and its end weeks later at a point thous-

and's of miles away. When sailing close

haufed the schoolerhad the heefs of us, but we could beat her on any other wind. While we never came within gan shot of her again until the last day, we followed

her around the cape up the Mozambique

Channel, and finally found her waiting for

us off one of the Comoro islands. We had gales and high winds-we had beautiful

noonlight nights and beastly dark ores.

But for Kane's defiance of the count we

could not have kept the trail as we did

In those long weeks he could have evaded

us a dozen times over, but he had anied

his flag to the mast, as it were. He gave

keep it, and to pay no attention to os, and

if we lost him in squall or fog or the dark-

ness of night we knew where to find him

bindhim, we sailed up the Madagas ar coast

in his wake: we knew when night closed

The Count D'Charny got sick and got well

again. He had furious moods and weeping moods. One day he would forgive his

wife and the next be would be important

to take her life. He never full-red in his intention to kill the Engilshmon, however.

That was what he lived for and what held

him up. One morning we found the

earing her her captain boarded us in a

"The countess is abound of the schooner;

on have followed us for weeks. If you

boat and sought out the count and said:

aer lying to, as I have said, and on

mt was unburt, but his bullet pene

in that we should find him on the morrow

again. We passed the capeouty ten miles be-

orders to set the schooner's course

flag in defiance.

be more evenly matched. Both were racers



PART I.

I am a buckelor of thirty, and so im mensely rich that if in any one year should spend two-thirds of my income, half of the preachers of New York would rise upand anothernatizeme for seeking to wide and make more apparent the gulf which ex ists between the rich and the poor.

I have good bealfh and a considerable modicum of strength. I have managed at ways to steer reasonably clear of the shoal of dissipation; rasping my keel now an then, but upon the whole coming off sound and tight. For these ten years I have escaped the artful ingenuousness of the debu and the swift and deadly onslaught of th widow. I am, moreover, of a gay and cheer ful disposition, and because of all these things one would suppose that I should be impay. The fact is, however, that I are not. I am a victim of enant. I have been sored to death; bored by the city and by the country, by my clubs, by society and by my friends; bored by everything, animate and manimate; bored always, save for the brief period when I was passing through the strange experience which I am no

It was upon the 13th day of June las that the adventure happened, or, rather to speak more accurately, commenced Acting upon a sudden whim, a passing fancy, and for the purpose of getting out of the deadly routine of my ordinary life, I clothed myself in the shabblest an necessarily the most comfortable outing rig which I could find in my wardrobe took a steambout, the "Monmouth." think it was, and went down alone, shortly after poon, to Sandy Book. Had I wishe I could have steamed down in my yacht the Ariel. This, however, was not what I wished to get as far away as possible from my usual life and surroundings, to mix with the plebian crowd, to aprawi upon the beach and to yarn with was in search of something altogeth out of the ordinary, and, as I will show later on, I certainly found it.

The afternoon was not a wildly exciting one, but in one way and another I mus aged to divert myself in a reasonable but mild degree. I will waste no words in describing how I passed the time, as I have so much to say of the strange events of the night and day which followed. The last toat left Sandy Book for New York at 6 o'clock, and I missed it. That is the only ecsential point and the only one ne essary for me to set down.

I had no mind to stay there all night; and the only alternative which the sented itself was to hire someone to row me over to Staten Island. For some reason or another, none of the fishermen or loungers about the place seemed to be willing to accommodate me. It looked a simple and easy matter to me; as the even ing was a fine one, there was no breeze t speak of, and only a long, gestle, and swell stirred the surface of the bay. The idiotic idea now came to me of procuring boat and rawing myself alone over to the tsland. I now encountered another diffi-culty; no one seemed willing to let me a boat. I found one at last, belonging to a one-eyed old bayman, which suited me exactly. As he would not let it to me, I asked him what he would sell it for, and benamed a price which was certainly twice what it was worth, I immediately paid him what he demanded, and so became possessor of the" Mary Aug." a tight and wellbuilt craft about twelve feet in length.

All these negotiations took time, and it was half past seven before I pushed off from the sand and started upon my venture men gathered upon the beach as lembarked. and seemed to look upon me with a sort o Foremost smoong Lie stood the old evelops from whom I had the boat, and, as I glided away from the shore, his sightless and fablikorts seemed to be fixed upon me with a persistent and baleful glare. I was re minded of the evil eye of the jettatori, and, if I had believed in such matters, I would certainly have given over the en

I had calculated the distance from Sandy ok to the nearest shore of Staten Island to be somewhere between seven and eight miles. When I had rowed at a pretty goo rate for about hulf an hour, and when I seemed to have put something over two naies between me and the spot whence I had embarked, I turned my head to not what progress I was making toward the island and was surprised to find that its looked every bit as far away as they did before I set out. Looking for the cause of this phenomenon, I now found that it was because I had drifted a mile or more out of my course to the east; so that I was in reality, no nearer port than when I commenced rowing. Of course I knew at once that there must be a strong current setting in the direction of the Atlantic, an current must have been produced by the elib tide. I now saw why no one had been willing to row me across, and I elso realized the fact that there was siderable work to be done if I expected to reach Staten Island that night, or, in

fact, any other night. Filled with the consciousness of this fact. I buckled down to the task with right good will, and keptsp a pretty strong and regular stroke for one whole hour or more, without pause. Meanwhile the darkness had come down, and a few stars shone out, though for the most part the sky had clouded over The breeze of the early evening had de veloped into a brisk wind from the east and the meeting of the wind and the current had got up quite a respectable sears that my beat bobbed up and downin a manner that was idealy unsatisfactory. I no thought it advisable to rest for a moment and to take a survey of the situation.

At that moment I caught sight of a sail coming rapidly toward me from the south As it came on, I made it out through the gathering darkness to be an ordinary two masted schooner. Its appearance gave me naturally, a good deal of satisfaction and I immediately hailed it.

Once, twice, thrice, I shouted it out But there was no answer; and then, before I thought of it, the great black bow was almost upon me; and very nearly ranne down before I could get out of the way. The bull of the schooner passed me, scarcely twenty feet to starboard, and, as the heavy bone awept over my head, I noticed a rope send e four feet long, hanging from the end and I reached up, mechanically, and caught hold of it, and held it fast; so that my beat immediately leaped forward and upward out of the water, like a delphin, and went plunging and soaring along, after the schooner, or rather, after the schoo dusail, in a very undignified and per-

I now took a look at the craft and saw that it was a vessel of about 150 tons, and a very old, weatherbeaten and unsightly built. It had no deck, and, as it heeled over toward me, I could see almost to the bot-tom of it, and note that it had no cargo whatever. Furthermore, there was not a

living soul aboard of it, save a long ungainly leaning the weight of his body against the

iller, in the stern of the scho He seemed to be staring at me, but with tacking or eyes, and in an absent-minded manner. I hallooed to him repeatedly; but he gave no answer, and acted alto gether as though he were deaf. Finally nowever, he reached down and picked up a coil of small-sized rope and threw it to me. I immediately let go of the boom and seized it, and in a mement, found myself in tow of the schooner, about twenty-five

feet astern, on the portside. I was very glad of this change of position. My boat rose and fell with a very greeable and regular motion, and I fel quite safe and comfortable. I made sev eral attempts to converse with this singular and sient mariner, but without avail His glassy eyes were fixed upon the spot where he had first beheld them, and I doubt if he were any longer conscious of my presence. He was steering, as I judged, due north, and we were making certainly five or six miles an hour. It was then about half past 9, and if the win-l'herd we ould reach New York at I or 2 o'clock

in the morning. Feeling quite satisfied with the situation made the rope fast to a ring in thebow and, taking up a comfortable position in the bottom of the boat, I gazed upward at the shifting clouds and the few stars which were visible. The regular downward and upward sweep of the boat had a soothing effect upon my nerves, and I began to feel exceedingly drowsy. I remember that I coked at my watch and found that it was 10 o'clock, and then it must have en shortly after that - | fell asleep.

I was awakened by the violent tossing nd rocking of the boat, and, starting op I looked around me. The wind and rea had gof up very considerably. Not a star was visible, and the darkness was so complete that I could scarcely make on the ghostly white of the schooner's sails ahead of me. Either the silent mariner changed, and also the run of the sea, for seemed to be exactly in the trough o

"Where are we bound to now," I shout ed out with all the power of my lungs After my experience with him, I scarcely expected an answer. I was therefore the ore surprised and startled, when a hoars and sepulchral voice called back:
"To the devil."

seemed to me altogether likely that te spoke the truth, and this being so, and the objective point of my voyage not lying in that direction, I decided that it was time for us to part company. Taking out my imite and crawling forward, I severed the rope, and in an instant the schooner swept ahead of me and vanished in the darkness. I now got out the oars and brought the boat before the wind, and none too soon either, for it had already taken in a lot of water, and it was a wonder that it had not filled and gone under long before.

I now struck a match and looked at my watch, and was very much surprised to find that it was a quarter of four in the morning. I had slept for almost six hours The schooler meanwhile had sailed twenty five or thirty miles, and Heaven alone knows where that madman had taken me to. Whether he had sailed in a straight line or had rigragged back and forth was also matter of pure conjecture. There were a few lights scattered at wide intervalaround the horizon; but, of course, they could tell menothing, and I wisely concluded that my best, in fact, my only, course was to rest upon my onra until daylight.

This was not long in coming. In a few inutes the binckness of the sky changed on dull gray, and at almost a quarter past 4 I distinguished right ahead of me the vague outlines of a steep and recky coast. I im rediately rowed a way toward it, and as I approached it took shape and distinctness and developed finally into a rocky range of hills, which sloped down to the sea and ended in a chiff some bundreds of feet length and twenty feet in height. Against its base the breakers dashed with low, monotonous rumbling, and the whole line of it was white with foam and sway. Looking for a place to land I finally to the left an opening in the cliff fifteen or twentyfeetin width—a sort of crevasse or fissure, into which the sea flowed. This seemed to be my only chance, and by a dexterous twist of the paddles I ran the boat into it. It took a slight turn to the right a few feet from the entrance, and in lengthit was netover thirty feet at most. At the farther end I ran up large flat rock, and with very little trouble

acceeded in landing upon it. I met, however, with a laughable ac cident in doing so. I was not careful enough about hanging to the boat while scrambling upon the rock, and I had the mortification of seeing the "Mary Ann" slowly floating out to sea, and I was power less to prevent it. I did not think of swimming after it, until it was too late. Had I realized, as I did later, how in possible for us to scale the cliff without esistance, and how completely I was a prisoner upon that four feet by six rock, I

rould certainly have made the plung-Shortly after I had landed, or rather after I had been cast away, the sue rose The clouds now thinned out and floated away, the sky took on the delightful blue of a June morning, and altogether it gave promise of a warm and pleasant day. From the place where I stood, owing to the bend in the fissure, I could see but a limited portion of the sea line. In that small extent of horizon there was no land visible This, however, was not important; as there might be landlying all about me in other directions. The top of the cliff above my head and as far as I could see to the right and left, was thickly fringed with dwarf cuilocks and fir trees; so that view, in

this direction also, was effectually closed. was wondering for the twentieth time where I was, and whether it was possible for me to scale the cliff, when my attention was called to a rustling in the tree above me, and, looking up, I saw a small hand parting the branches. There then appeared the face of a very handsome giri, who looked down at me and called

How did you get here, sir? and where

fore have you come? There was a lively sparkle in her gray eyes and the suggestion of a frown upon her oval face. She was evidently not pleased at finding me

"I came by the 'Mary Ann,' " said I; but wherefore, is more than I can tell." Her pretty features were a prazied

"You speak in riddles and I understand you not. You must go away at once."
"Would you have me swim?" I asked "Since that is the way you came, yes"
"But that is not the way I came. I had

floated out to sea. I thought, of course, that she was having ne amusement with me, and I answere her in the same strain. She looked at me

a boat, which has got away from me and

for several moments, and seemed to be e gaged in thought. Then she disappeared, and in a moment came out in full view, upon

a crag which fulled out over the gorge Her costume, at the same time elegant and simple, consisted of a short and scanty skirt of dark blue flannel, reaching few inches below the knee, a loosely fitting walst of the same material, a shapeless soft felt hat of gray, with an aigrette of eagle's feathers, perched somewhat side-ways upon the wavy masses of her gold brown bair, and lastly, but not least pic turesquely, of thick stockings, home knit. of coarse gray yarn, and of shees which, small, were heavily and stoutly made. Her form, well shown by this effective dress, was tall, full five feet six in height, and lithe and strong and classically nelded as that of one of Diana's hunt

"What are you going to do?" she asked after surveying me for a few moments with

a critical and imperious air. myself," answered I. "I would climb his confounded cliff if I knew how. There was a frightened look upon he face at this, and she seemed to heatta te

'Can you assure me, should I permit you to ascend, that you will be altogether reasonable and harmless?"

"I swear it," said I, at the same time words which she had addressed to me, I had noticed a striking peculiarity. The language which she used was of a precise newhat stillted character. Her voice though musical and fascinating, was uneven in its tones, and her accent, though most correct, had something undefinably quaint and strange in it. I was very much puzzled. "I go, but will return," said she. "You shall await me but a moment,

With that, she vanished again, returning in a minute's time with a good-sized rope notted at intervals of about two feet the end of which she threw down to me The upper end was evidently fast to some tree, but she took hold of the rope, when t ran over the edge of the catf, and bracing her young, strong limbs, gracefully and resolutely prepared to keep it away from the face of the tocks. I seized the rope and planting my toes upon their regularitie of the almost perpendicular wall, had no difficulty in nauling myself to the top wondered, as I did to, at the strength which she displayed in holding the cath ip and a way from the brink of the fissure

As I stood before her, she stepped back a few paces and seemed to regard me with distrust. The nearer view which I now had of her face, made her more beautiful than I had supposed. There thing spirited and noble in the curves of her regular features, a Warmth and vigor in her rich brown color, and a sweet se in the depths of her eyes and about her lips, which filled me with admiration and interest. I stepped toward her, that I might take her brown, wellshaped band and thankher. Tomyamaze ment, she sprang swiftly backward, cang'it up from somewhere a short thick sapling and held a with a threatening gesture. appeared the incarnation of a lovely say ige, and it occurred to me at once, though with what encrectness will shortly appear that I had to do with a lunatic

"Calm yourself, my dear younglady," said "I simply wished to take your hand and thank you for my deliverance."

"Would that I could be assured," she answered, "that this was your only in-And what else could it be?" I cried De you immaine that I would offer vio ence to an angelic creature such as you

Have I that in my appearance which should "I must acknowledge," she replied, "that on have not. On the contrary, there is an nexplicable attraction in your face which draws me toward you; and, above all, why

should I fear you when I am your equal in strength and activity?" That being so," said I, with much it ward amusement and wonder, "show that on bear me no ill-will by shaking band

with me She cast away her weapon, and, advan ing with slowness and some limidity, placer a warm and pliant hand in mine. I gave it a hearty squeeze and smiled upon her kind ly and carcesingly. She gave me a merry smile in return a smile which disclosed two rows of small and pearl-like teeth and an almost imperceptible dimple in either cheek.

"Then it is not true," she murmured

What is not true?" I asked. 'That men eat women," was the aston

shing answer. Who told you any such thing?" said I after I had regarded her for a moment i

'My mother."

Where is your mother?" "I don't know."

While we were exchanging these last words, we stepped, still hand in hand through a narrow lane between the trees, and I was now surprised to find myself in an open meadow of irregular shape, about eighty feet in width, by some three hundred in length. Upon the ocean side all outlook was shut off by an impenetrable nalisade of semb firs an hemlocks; while at either end and at the back of this miniature and hidden valley. there rose a steep, bare, unscalable wall of jagged, uneven rocks, full seventy feet eight. Midway through this cessible and minite vale, there ran a ting crystal brook. In one corner of it, nestpicturesque cottage, while two or three other toy-like structures were placed near by. Some well-kept beds of flowers were artistically laid out in front of the house, and at the further end of this faire. like domain there was a vegetable gar-den, in which a number of domestic lowis were actively occupied.

"That." said she, indicating the hous with a nod, and speaking with a certain proud satisfaction, "is my dwelling." "And a very romantic, song little cottage it is, Miss-I beg your pardon. What may

"You may call me by name-Miranda

"Well, Miss Roy-"I did not say Miss Roy. Miranda Roy." "Miranda Roy, then," said I, snilling a spite of myself. "My name is Reginald Rigelow, and if you will permit me I will step in and pay my respects to your

"There is no one here; I have no "You are really not living here alone?"

I cried. "Certainly, and why not? Is it not always to one's advantage to have a whole house to one's self?" "Very few have thought so," I replied

"You spoke of your mother a short while since." Will you tell me something about your father?" "I never had a father. I am descended

from my mother only." This answer took my breath away. was evident that she was perfectly sections My brain was in a whirl trying to ceal with the answers she had given me

"How long have you been in this place, Miranda Roy? And how did you get "I did not get here. I was here, and have been here always."
"Your mother was here, too, was she

"Yes, she has been here always with me excepting for the last five years. She left me in the night, when I was fourteen years of age. Where or now she went I know not. She had often told me that she must some day leave me, and telling me she would weep. Though why she wept and why she had to leave me is more than I

No one could look at her and listen to

her and doubt her story. Her lustrous gray eyes were filled with tears and my

eart went out to bet "Poor, lonely, unhappy child." I ex-claimed. "You do not mean that you have been alone five mortal years?" "Why not? Is it not the way that we live? And why should I be unhappy in a

place as beautiful as this?" "You trive friengs and neighbors, I suppose, who drop in upon you frequently and "I have no friends or neighbors, and no

me has ever spoken to me but you and mamma. Here was a singular and most charming situation. This naive and lovely girl before me, this perfect representative of womanking had never before spoken to a I contemplated ber with coriosits

"Pertups I have done wrong in speaking to you thus," she added. 'It is against my mother's wishes and commands. I canof help it, but I am not sorry that I have done so: for you are pleasing to me when I look at you, and I take pleasure in being with you. She said that I must never see or talk withmen; that they were all wicked, and that most of them were devils.

"That is an exaggeration, Miranda Roy ome of them may be, so, but in the main it is far from true. I am not as good as me men, but, at the same time, I not like to think that I was what your mother called me."

"Are there then some men who are better than you?" sheasked withan air of charming

incredulity. "There are a few," said I. "There are niso those whose greatest pleasure would be your destruction." Would they cat me?"

"They would make but a mouthful of you."
"I do not believe it," said she, laugh-"How could they?"

"Do you mean to say, Miranda Boy, that no one ever cames here; that I am the first person who ever visited you in "What a foolish question to ask!" said

she, sharply. "Look around you and tell me how anyone would be able to get here." I glanced about me, and in a moment had to acknowledge to myself that the spot was at all points inaccessible. Of course, if one should be aware of the existence of it, i.e. might attain to it by some artificial aid. as I had done that morning. Looking the situation over again with more care, I now came to the conclusion that this narrow and green carpeted glade was not only unattainable, but completely out of sight and hidden from the outside world. The wall of rock in the background, at a height of sixty feet or more, sloped away from us for twenty feet at an angle of 45 degrees, and then was crested with a forest of spruce and hemlock; so that a person coming over the nills and through the woods would no be able to approach the edge of the vertical cliff. His line of vision would pass over and beyond the opening, and he would simply catch, sight of the tops of the ever greens which bordered upon the sea. would be the same with anyone appro ing the spot from either side. Owing to the barrenness and sleepness of the imme-diately adjacent slopes be could not get ugh to discoverity existence. Year might pass away, and it would still rem in mknown and hidden. There might be ouses, even villages, dust beyond that forest on the hilltogowhose inhabitants, were and always would remain ignorant of this picturesque and singular locality. It struck me at this moment that I had not yet found

t where I was -I described to her how I had faller asleep while in tow of the schooner, and how it was that I now found myself com detely out of my reckening.

Will you have the kindness," said I, "be lime where I am at the present moment? "This," she answered, "is the island of orvo.

"Corvo." I exclaimed "There is no miles of New York. You are certainly mis

"I am certainly not mistaken," said she with decision. It is the island of Corvo, one of the Azores, latitude 40 and longitude about 31, west."

This was too much for me, and I berst into language, but immediately apploprized to

"Child," said I, "This is nonsense. We are not fifty miles from the city of New York, which, as you know, is two thousand She tossed her head obstinately, and

smiled ironically at my ignorance. Then, the several astronomical of vations which I have taken at different times, are entirely at fault, though they all agreeto a small fraction of a minute. As to the city you spoke of, I have never heard of it; and if it exists at all among these

Islands, it must be quite a small hamlet I gasped with astonishment. Though this angelic and wonderful being had grown up, as it were, upon a desertisfand, in her manners and discourse and appearance she was the equal of any of her sex. Though in some things, she was as simple and creulous as a child, she yet spoke of taking astronomical observations, and of figuring them out; showing by this that she had a thorough knowledge of practical as tronomy To cap the climax, she had never heard of the city of New York. Who was I

to make of her? Leaving her side for a moment, I now skirted for some distance the belt of thicket which shut out my view of the sea and then, forcing my way inrough it to the very edge of the cliff, I en deavored to get a view of the surroun ings. The evergreens, however, overwith great difficulty that I succeeded. by bending the branches, in getting very small opening for my observations There was land lying opposite me, at a distance of a few miles, and I noticed buildings upon it, but the vista was sp circumscribed, that I could make out nothing satisfactory. I therefore re-joined the girl, while proposing to my I therefore no self to take a more accurate look later

in the day. "There is land over there." I remarked. nd I noticed buildings upon it; whether it is Tottenville or Bergen Point

or Glen Island, I cannot say." "What a silly idea!" she exclaimed. with an air of annoyance. which you saw is the town of Santa Cruz, rhich, as you know, is situated immediately opposite us, on the Island of Flores you that I am right, you shall se me take the altitude of the sun at roon today, while an observation of the moen Reginald Bigelow, if tode Meanwhile you will step into the house with me, I shall take pleasure in preparing your breakfast for you, apologizing beforehund for the small variety which the island

Breakfast, just then, was of more portance to me than the question of whether I was upon the highlands of the Navesink, the palisades of the Hudson, or the island of Corvo. I therefore followed her without further discussion; at the same kind wondering what kind of a primitive meal she would set before me As we moved toward the cottage, I noticed a goat browsing upon the scanty herbs, which grew upon a great conglomeration of rocks that lay against the base of the cuff at the further end of the lilipu tian valley. I also saw a hammock swing ing between two tall pines at the side of the house, and in the rear of it a very long pile of sawed firewood, corded up in the most approved manner.

pol entering the domicile I was struck with the comfort and the elegance of its arrangements. It was of but one story which was divided up into several span ments; a dining-room, a living or string-

room, a bedroom or two, the kitchen, and a great store-room, filled with barrels, boxes, tins, cans, jars and bottles of gro ceries and provisions, in quantity, as it seemed to me, enough to last one person for twenty years. The living rooms of the house were hung with pictures, ornamented with costly bric-a-brac, filled with hix urious movables, and carpeted with heavy Eastern rugs. A light fowing piece and some flating rods and tackle were sus pended upon brackets in the dising-room and in the drawing or sitting room I not ticed a hanging calanet, which contained the most singular assortment of books which ever made up the library of a young

(To Be Concluded.)

H. B. Banner in His Home.

Mr. Bunner's religious training came to full stop early in life. His father, being of the Episcopal faith, intended to train his son to that belief. His mother was of old Puritanical New England stock and was a strict Unitarian. She was a Tuckerman of Boston. Naturally a discussion grose as t which faith the boy should inherit. The father, being a sensible man, compromises by proposing to leave the matter to the son's own choice When he should have arrived at the age of discretion. The result was that he rejected both and formulated one of his own. A very simple creed, in deed, the Golden Rule, which he considered the very keystone of all religious archite ture, and never man came neaver living or to the very letter of his (aith than did th subject of this sketch. Limited space pro vents me giving a very definite idea of Mr. Bunner's attempts to relieve suffering bu manity. This one instance will suffice to explain some of Mr. Bunner's local charity work. The local physician told the writer that Mr. Bunner made this request ten years auro:

Doctor, see to it that no man, woman o child within the range of your practice wants for attendance, medicine, food or necessary clothing. Send all falls to me." "You may be sure," said the doctor, "calls have been frequent, but never wa some of these drafts dishonored. All were promptly paid upon presentation. God bless his gen-

rous soul." I have mentioned that the door of this happy home was ever open. And so it was to all friends and neighbors. Likewise a spacious sideboard, which was provisioned like a ship for a long cruise with every sor of cheering refreshment, including cigars pipes, tobaccas, etc. And here you werees pected to regale yourself in the absence of the host. There was but one stipulation Mr. Bunner had developed the most decides dislike for politics, and to prevent any men-tion of this subject he had written the following lines and posted them in a con spicrous place:

To those who would in quiet dwell Political brawls are simply hell. soke your pipe and drink your drink

But bear in mind your mouth can't think These lines are from memory, so the asks forgiveness if they are nds quoted

There was nothing terrible about this good nan's death. All was as peaceful and caln as his dearest friends could have wished. was called to his bedside a few hours before the end and listened to a few simple requests. And most rational they were. Mr. Bunner was arranging little ornar when he called to her.

"Alice, am I alone?" "Why, no, dear, I am here," she an wered.

"Of course you are, darling. What silly question to ask. An amused stude overspread his face that emed to say: "How could I ask that loving little won

such a question?" The eyes slowly closes as if for quiet slumber. This was the end .- San Francisco Cup.

ON A BUST OF GEN. GRANT.

Strong, simple, silent are the (steadfast In ws.
That sway this universe, of none withstood. bronscious of man soutcries or applians

Or what man deems his evil or his good; And when the Fates ally them with a cause That wallows in the sea-trough and seem lest, Drifting in danger of the reefs and sands

Of shallow counsels, this way, that way, Strength, silence, simpleness, of these three strands They twist the cable shall the world hold

e its anchors clutch the bed-rock of the past.

Strong, simple, silent, therefore such was he Who helped us in our need; the eternaliaw
That who can saddle Opportunity
Is God's elect, though many a mortal flaw
May minish him in eyes that closely see,
Was verified in him; what need we say
Of one who made success where others
foliated. failed.

Who, with nolights ave that of common day Struck hard, and still struck on till Fortm quaited But that (so sift the Norns) a desperate van er fell atlast to one who was not wholly

A face all prose where Time's (benignant Softens no raw edge, yet, nor makes all

With the beguiling light of vanished days This is relentless granite, blenk and bare Rough-hewn and scornful of aesthetic phrase; Nothing is here for fancy, naught for

The Present's hard, uncompromising light Accents all vulgar outlines, flaws and seams, Yet vindicates some pristine natural right O'ertopping that hereditary grace Which marks the gain or loss of sometime

fondled race So Marius looked, methinks, and Cromwell

Not in the purple born, to those they led Nearer for that and costner to the foe, New molders of old forms, by nature bre The exhaustless life of manhood's see

to show, but the ploughshare of portentous Strike deep enough to reach them where Despair and danger are their fostering climes, And their best sun bursts from a stormy

sky: He was our man of men, nor would about The atmost due manhood could claim o fate

Nothing ideal, a plain-people's man At the first glance, a more deliberate ken Finds type primeval, theirs in whose veins Such blood as quelled the dragon in his

began;
He came grim-silent, saw and did the deed That was to do; in his master-grip Our sword flashed joy; no skill of words could breed Such sore convictions as that close-clamped

lip; He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it He had done more than any simplest man Yet did this man, war-tempered, stern as

steel Where steel opposed, prove soft in civil sway; The hand, hilt-hardened had lost tact to The world's base coin, and glozing knaves made proy of him and of the entrusted Commonweal; So Truth insists and will not be de

We turn our eyes away, and so will Fame, As if in his last battle he had died Victor for us and spotless of all blame, Doer of hopeless tasks which praters One of those still plain men that to the

world's rough work.

-JAMES BUSSELL LOWELL

Note. - This poem is the last, so far as is snown, written by Mr. Lowell, and had not finally revised. The words in pabeen finally revised. The words in centineses in the first and third star ave not his.

A RUNAWAY COUNTESS. You may think it queer that I cannot give you the real names of the principal actors in the drama I am about to relate, but such is the fact. Things were managed so meets that no public scandal resulted, and as for names we were only sailor men and had no business to inquire or to know them What I neard and saw and passed through however, I can tell you all about and with the hope to interest you;
The Count D'Charny, as I will call him

was an old man with a young wife. That his honor was safe in her hands he never for an instant doubted, and sig came and went as she pleased. Aside from his sixty years of life he was gooty and dyspeptic ad though behad millions of money and a title, the fast was not an offset for the live. Three or four years after her mariage the counters met an English gentleman whos iame I most give as Kane. He was as fine looking a man as I ever saw, age about thirty-five, and every word and action showed the gentieman. It was said that he had a mint of money, and from the expenses he met I am inclined to believe the statement. For a year he lived in Paris in the most expensive manner and danced attendence on the counters Then they agreed to clope together, and their plans were carried out in the coolest and most bosiness-like manner. The countess went at it to sell all the property in her own right, and to get as much cash out of the country id, and at the end of three months she was ready for flight and had something like million dollars in money and jewelry to take withher. Meanwhile Kane had gone t England and purchased a large and hand ome schooner yacht and given out that he was going on a long pleasure cruise to the Indian Ocean. He took a crew aboard and brought up in the port of Cherbourg, and there the schooner was provisioned and some alterations made to her cabins. She was called the handsomest craft in the harbor, and it needed only a glance at her finely modeled lines to tell that she could sai like a witch

One afternoon in June the master of the Sylph, as the schooner was called, came aterare with his wife and a lot of baggage followed. I do not think any man on the chooner knew whether the owner was man ried or single, nor did any one question that the lady he brought aboard was hi wife. Two bours after their arrival the ressel sailed, and she had been gone three days when the Count B'Charny turned up at Cherbourg with three or four (riends and began an investigation. Mr. Kane and the countest had cloped together and had a good start. Most busbands, especially old and decrepit bushands, would have given way to indignation for awisle and ther made up their minds to let the woman go so with the old count. If she had run away with a Frenchman it might have been different, but she had gone with an English man, and he hated the English with all his seart. He didn't blame the countress, as sho was young and glddy, but as for Kane is must be overtaken and shot down or rur through to satisfy a husband's vengeance The only way to overhaul the schooner was tocharter another vessel, and this was done is specially as men could move. Lying in the same harbor, with her car,

wish for satisfaction you have only to row store and Mr. Kans will give it to you The count and his friends jumped at the hance, taking both pistols and swords ast discharged, was the American bari was ordered to take charge of the boat Meteor, of which I was second mate. The Meteor was one of the fastest crafts affoat which set them ashore. The count was at first inclined to rush upon the Emclishman and kill him out of hand, but he was reat the time, and the count's friends cam aboard and told the story of the elopement strained, and poetty soon a duel with pist and offered Capt. Black his own price cas arranged. As Kane had no second one he would charter. The idea was to go is of the Frenchmen gallantly offered to act persuit of the Sylph, taking the count and as such. The ground was paced off in full his friends along, and to cruise until we view of the people on both crafts, and one couldn't help admiring Kane for his coulfound her. We might be gone a month or a year. I don't know the price paid, but it was a steep one, and as soon as the terms ness and gentlemanly bearing. He had no taunts-no hard words. A good-natured shale rested on his face, and he was as were settled we set about making making Our complement of men was fourteen all colm as if getting ready for a game of told. By the count's orders we shipped ; billiards. The countess was the only one crew of twenty-two. Walle wewere getting on thioboard who didn't watch matters By water and provisions aboard carpenter and by the two men took their places, 'the were at work in the cable, a gon was be word was given and they fired together. ing mounted on deck, and cutineses and muskets were brought abound to arm the crew. In three days we were out to ser trated Kane's heart, and the Englishmen us dead before he reached the ground. We and in the wake of the Sriph. The captain poried him on the istand that afternoon and of the schooner was the only man aboard o did it decently, and at sundown the co her except the owner who knew that she went abourd the Sylph and both coaftlaid was bound to the Indian Ocean, and meet a course for home. It was said that the ering with an old friend in port and taking a pressed all proper humility and returned That was the way we came to know the o Paris tolive with her hasband, but I candestination. It was a foolish bles in the not routh for this. I only remember that count to chase his wife under any circum there was no public scandal, and that every stances, bothere he was, an old man, lame, and had never even crossed the channel. nothing to say. Knne's body We were a small craft with a big crew, wards taken to England by his relatives, and all hands were crowded, but the old and they, at least, must have been among fellow was willing to suffer any inconvenhe outsiders who knew more or less of the lence and run any risks for the sake of affair. overhapling the elopers. He had two friends and a doctor with him, and it was his lavish use of money which prepared us for sea so quickly. The elopers had a fast crart, plenty of money and would not be overhauled a they could help it. The count had plenty of money, a craft equally as fast, and had vowed to hunt them down if it took live ears. That was the way things stood as

we sailed out of the harbor.

Bound for the Indian Ocean's meant a

great deal, and yet it meant notions It

negat a run of thousands of miles down the coast—around the Cape of Good Hope-

Australia, India or a dezen other places

As the schooner flad six days the start of as

and the winds had been fair, she was at

least' 806 miles ahead. Our only hope of

getting on her track before reaching the

cape was in speaking vessels coming up

from the South. As we were clear of the land all sail was piled on to the bark.

with orders to furl nothing except to say

her sticks. For thirty-six hours we pin to

the south in a gale of wind which bent her

made has never yet been beaten by

steamer. Then we spoke our first ship, but

no schooner had been seen. We got down to the Madeiras without getting word of

her, and after a race to the Canaries were

again disappointed. It was two days after leaving the latter group, and while holding

for the Cape De Verdes, that we got our

firstnews. It came from an English man-

of-war, which had come upon the schooner to the south of the cape while she was re-

pairing damages received aloft during a

her captain received the offer in a very

churish manner. She was not boarded, but

her name was recorded in the log book and

was still four days ahead of us. But for

this information we should have teached

at the islands to make inquiries and thus

lost another day. As it was we gave the

bark all the sail she could stagger under.

and twice refused to answer the signals of ships wishing to speak to us Kane would

not even suspect that the count was after

seeing no cause for haste he would take

his time. So we reasoned, but there was

not much consolation in it. We might run

neithercraftsight the other. We might pass

sail while he cracked on. Luck was with

gs, however. One morning, when welldown

the African coast, we spoke an English brig

which had passed the schooner the day be-fore and so closely as to catch her name.

She reported Kane driving along at an

Just before sundown next day we caught sight of a sail shead of us which we be-

lieved to be the schooner, and that night

none of our passengers slept. You know how excitable the French are. The count

now excitate the French are. The count and his friends spent the night drinking and jubbering and walking about, and before mikinghit was known throughout the bark that they meant to sink the schooner rather

overhaul him within a couple of days,

ce, and then we felt that we must

him by in the night, or we might shorter

s parallel course with him for a w

that was the way we got track of her.

She did not need assistance, and

CHARLES B. LEWIS. Mr. Foster's Valuable Souvenirs.

No city in the country bonsts so many ionies rich in historical associations and filled with treasures that link them with interesting events of many other lands as Washington. Yet, even in a city se oted for this characteristic, there are a few rooms that stand out prominently

The music room in the residence of John W. Foster, former Secretary of State. former ambassador extractionary to many countries, and now the only professional diplomat of the United States, contains more souvenirs of great international events

han any other roc one in the city It is a beautiful room in itself, but few pay much attention to this in the absorbing interest of the collection which has come to the Fosters chiefly as gifts from the many notable people whom they have entertained or met abroad. Mrs. Foster was the first English-speaking woman to be entertained in a Pekin official's residence It was in the home of a former minister to this country. The Intent with. tion to the contents of the music-mom is the direct result of that dinner. Foster noticed that her host had a band some French dinner service, but that the small silverware was of a most miscella-neous assortment. Last Christmas the neous assortment.

Fosters sept to that host a chest of small silver, such as figure in bridal gifts The Pekin gentleman was promi, and Pekin gentlemen never fail to go all gifteivers several better. Mrs. Foster was slightly perturbed to receive a note from Pekin that a silver incense burner valued at 150 tacks had been sent to her in return. She figured out that it would cost her about \$49 in customs duties. To cap the climax came a draft to cover customs charges.

"You never can get alread of the Chinese in gifts," said Mrs. Foster as she surveyed the draft. But the incense burner is so magnificent that it adorns the music-room only on

casions. There is in addition a strange old desk from Mexico on which was signed the marriage contract of a lovely Indian girl tory.-New York World.

Wendell Phillips and the Minister. A story about Wendell Phillips is as fol-lows: He wason a train going through Ohio. Some Southern pro-slavery preachers were aboard. They had heard of Phillips and his great oratorical ability, and learning that he was on the train walked through the car to see him. Finally one made hold to sit

"So you are Wendell Phillips, are you?" "Yes, sir." "Engaged in making anti-slavery speeches?"

Yes, sir." "Well, why don't you go South, where hey have slavery, to make your speeches?". Phillips looked at his interrogator and id: "You are a minister of the Gospel?

"Yes, sir. "Engaged in saving souls from hell" "Yes, sir."

than let her get away from us. We meant to gain on her that night, but not too much, as it was dark and rainy and we feared to overrun her. Men were on watch allow and "Well, why don't you go to bell to do your preaching?"-New York Frem.